https://zekkass.livejournal.com/364559.html

It is Gabriel's worst nightmare come to reality: they are rushing preparations for war, angels of all ranks are making choices that will haunt them for the rest of their existence, choices about which archangel they will side with, and they are deciding why they have made the choice the way they have. He has lost several of his favorite siblings to Lucifer already, but they have made their choice and he cannot deny them that.

The day when Michael will destroy Lucifer or die trying is suddenly this week, perhaps tomorrow, instead of in some unknown future.

He has two roles: that of a general, and that of a messenger, and when he has the time he practices with his sword, attempting to hurry along his mastery of the weapon. (He fears that soon he will need the skill, even as he dislikes how easy it is for him to wield it.)

Uriel has become indispensable to him, as a quiet confidante and capable sparring partner, and Gabriel is thankful that Uriel's own mastery over fire has shown Gabriel how best to summon flames for his blade. (Swords of fire signify rank now, as Michael himself uses one, and if there is any champion of Heaven, it is Michael.)

"Like this, see?" Uriel says, showing how he tightens the flames around the blade, intensifying the heat. "It catches less of the target, but makes for a greater impact."

"Yes, I see," Gabriel says, and copies the technique with his own blade, or tries to. The flames spread out too far, and the tight control fails him as his blade's fire flares to life, becoming longer and wider as the fires rage. He banishes the flames with a gesture, and scowls at his weapon. As always it is easier to put out the fire then to control it.

Uriel makes an odd coughing sound, and Gabriel looks at him immediately.

"What was that?"

"Nothing, lord," Uriel says. "Nothing important."

"Tell me." Gabriel wonders, for a moment, if he is seeing yet another hint of personality in Uriel. He has always hoped that his brothers would be like himself, with personalities and the freedom to express themselves.

(He thinks of Dobiel's cold gaze as he asks for orders, and banishes the hope once again. Dobiel is a fine assistant and organizer, but he lacks the spark of life that Gabriel exalts in.)

"It is...surprising to see one such as you struggling with this," Uriel says. "I could

never match your power, yet I can command the flames more efficiently than you can."

Gabriel begins to smile, and moves closer to Uriel. "Was that a laugh, then? Were you laughing at me?" His tone is light, and he is delighted and hopeful once again.

"No, never!" Uriel clears his throat, straightening, and Gabriel stifles an urge to order Uriel to relax. "I would never laugh at you."

Gabriel deflates, turning away, and sighs. It was too much to hope for, then, he thinks, and raises his blade, attempting to control the fires once more.

"I...may have been amused at you," he hears Uriel say, after a long moment. "I apologize."

Abruptly Gabriel's fires go out and he turns, facing Uriel. Uriel has to step back at the intensity of Gabriel's gaze, and almost drops his own eyes. But then Gabriel is grinning, patting him on the arm, looking almost delighted.

"Thanks," Gabriel says, and he doesn't offer an explanation at Uriel's confused look. Instead he holds his blade out hilt first. "Care to show me if you could handle two of them at once?"

"I can?" Uriel says, confused at Gabriel's mood, confused at the request, but able to take the blade and show Gabriel that his mastery over fire is strong enough to handle two swords at once.

He maintains the fires as he studies Gabriel's blade, marvels at how different it is from his own. He can see where it is longer, brighter, able to hold that much more power within its form, and he marvels at how an angel of Gabriel's rank can be so powerful and yet lack control over such a basic element.

Uriel misses Gabriel's studying look, but he doesn't miss Gabriel's speech.

"Have you ever tried to hold back a waterfall, Uriel?" Gabriel asks, tilting his head. At Uriel's quick gesture of no, he hasn't, Gabriel goes on. "There are several in Heaven, you know. I suggest you try, and if you succeed, I suggest you try letting a just a few drops of water get past you without letting too much of it go."

Uriel nods, banishing the flames and holding Gabriel's blade back out. "I will do so."

"Once you've done that," Gabriel says as he takes his blade back, "Try explaining to me how I'm supposed to bring that control to my sword, okay?"

Uriel nods once again and departs once Gabriel gestures for him to go.

It's harder than it looks, Gabriel thinks as he sheathes his sword. Training and discovering which angels in Heaven he likes and which are betraying them all for

Lucifer, and most of all, discovering how to hold back the flood that is time, rushing them onwards to what Gabriel knows is coming.

Lucifer's ready. He's eager for this battle, willing to put everything he has been working for to the test.

He is more than ready. He knows this because he nearly destroyed an angel on purpose, while practicing with his blade. (He doesn't practice at it as often as Michael does, he's convinced that he doesn't need to. He recognizes his own pride, he recognizes that this might lead to folly, but he has angels to teach.)

But here, here and now he is taking his time, working with his energy in less-than-productive ways.

Belial, an angel of power and an angel who denied its duty, is writhing under his touch, abandoning itself to the pleasures of the flesh. Lucifer thinks that Belial looks tempting, almost too tempted, and so he stands, abandoning his actions. When the creature looks up at him, panting, he turns away.

He cannot find it in himself to respect the angels who follow him. They don't understand entirely what they are giving up to join his cause. They are following preset personalities and decisions, and Lucifer knows that he will have enough followers for an army, but not enough to win.

This entire venture was planned, designed, and he cannot bring himself to deviate from its course.

He cannot bring himself to care about his followers, either. Perhaps someday they will merit his attention, earn his respect, but for now they are merely puppets, simple children who are still learning.

(Lucifer supposes that he too is a child, still learning how to throw off the chains of fate and the machinations of his Father, but there is that pride again.)

Gabriel has left to see Lucifer of his own free will. He lands near the room where he knows Lucifer is practicing his own bladework, and he is not stopped by the two angels guarding the door when he shows them the hilt of his blade.

The room itself is large and empty and colored in whites and silvers, and beyond the mirrors that covered one wall, there is nothing distinguishing about it. Gabriel notes how each mirror is cracked, and how some are shattered entirely, but then he notes how Lucifer is moving, ducking and weaving as if he were facing an invisible enemy. What surprises him is that Lucifer doesn't seem to be attacking, merely moving to avoid imaginary attacks.

"I know you're there, Gabriel," Lucifer says, but he doesn't stop his movements.

"Come to kill me, have you?"

He's teasing, Gabriel thinks. He has to be teasing, as Gabriel could never kill him.

"I couldn't kill you, Lucifer," he says, and realizes that he is being too honest. Is there such a thing? He doesn't know, but he realizes that he shouldn't have said that.

"I'll remember that," Lucifer says, and he stops moving, turning to face Gabriel. "Come here."

Gabriel takes a step and immediately stops himself, moves back. He wants to obey, he wants to get in close enough to be touched by Lucifer, but he can't let himself do such a thing. He shakes his head, and thinks that coming here was a bad idea.

Lucifer smirks and loses it, face neutral as he spreads his hands. "I won't hurt you, and you know it. You're family."

"You're going to try to kill Michael," Gabriel says, inwardly flinching at actually saying it. He doesn't miss the brief glimpse of pain in Lucifer's eyes, though, and that is what causes him to drop his head and then approach Lucifer.

"I don't have a choice, and you know it. We all know it." Lucifer murmurs, and the moment Gabriel is close enough he darts forward and captures Gabriel in another kiss. It's brief, it's chaste, and it speaks volumes. Gabriel doesn't pull away, and Lucifer is the one to lean back to speak. "You wanted this, didn't you?"

Gabriel's silence is damning, and he is thankful that the only witness to this is Lucifer, who he knows will never tell.

"It's unique in our existence, isn't it?" Lucifer murmurs. "A purely physical pleasure. I can't claim to understand why we think that it's forbidden, but if you'll notice we were never told not to do it." He slides his hands onto Gabriel's own hands, touches light and inviting.

Gabriel shudders briefly, then raises a hand and cups Lucifer's cheek, steadying himself and his brother before leaning in to kiss him.

Lucifer kisses back after a moment, and Gabriel discovers that he can taste Lucifer this time, that if he is paying attention there is more to delight in beyond the simple motions of touch. He doesn't have a word for how Lucifer tastes, he has no adjectives to use, and he wonders if the flavor is unique.

"Gabriel," Lucifer murmurs, nipping at Gabriel's lips before speaking. "Haven't you noticed something?"

"What?"

"Beyond the fight, beyond whatever the creation of humanity will bring, we don't

know what will happen." Lucifer murmurs. "I don't know if we will be told, or if we'll need to find out on our own."

"Stop telling me this," Gabriel whispers, mind already leaping to think about what it means. "Please, just touch me."

Lucifer laughs, gentle and understanding, and he buries his hands in Gabriel's hair as he kisses him again, hard and deep and satisfying. Gabriel can do nothing but quiver in pleasure as Lucifer does something new with his tongue and his teeth.

Gabriel has never felt so *good* before in his life, and he can't stop with the little sounds as Lucifer moves his hands from his hair ('so soft, you should try to keep that') to his face and then his neck, just touching in places that Gabriel has never thought of touching before. Lucifer is the first to touch him in these places like this, but before Gabriel can even begin to think of speaking, of saying it out loud, Lucifer has slid his hands down and back and he is gripping Gabriel's rear, and all Gabriel can do is moan, long and drawn out.

Lucifer squeezes and kneads as he pulls Gabriel closer, presses to his front. He grinds down against Gabriel, pulling him closer at the same time, and the resulting moan and flare of heat makes it worthwhile.

Lucifer notes where the wall is and pushes Gabriel up against it, abandoning Gabriel's rear to stroke his cock, to tug it into hardness as he kisses Gabriel once, twice, again.

He's reduced Gabriel to glazed eyes and to clinging at Lucifer's shoulders and to helpless moans, and he will never tire of how Gabriel looks, head tilted back and mouth open. It's precious, Gabriel's gorgeous, and Lucifer bends to bite Gabriel's shoulder, simply to leave a mark on Gabriel that he's been here. It will fade, it won't last, but it will be there for a few minutes at least and he admires the sight of Gabriel twisting in his arms as he gets closer to the edge.

Gabriel arches up as Lucifer drags his fingers up along his cock and flicks at his tip, and then Gabriel is bright and shouting and coming hard in Lucifer's arms.

Lucifer catches him as he slumps forward, and tugs him down to sit on the floor with him, placing them so he can lean against the wall. He bears Gabriel's weight with ease, and holds on tight as he thinks of losing him, losing this.

Gabriel's breathing in shuddering gasps, slowly coming back to himself, and Lucifer lets him draw back when he lifts himself.

Gabriel meets his eyes, and Lucifer finds himself surprised when he sees no shame there. Just a curiosity and a sadness and everything Gabriel is feeling, and most of all a question, which Gabriel verbalizes: "Can I...to you?"

Lucifer has no response. He closes his mouth and nods, shifting his legs apart, and shows Gabriel the palms of his hands, shows that he won't stop him.

Gabriel swallows, but Lucifer reads no nervousness in him as he bends to touch Lucifer's cock, and then, as Lucifer shivers at the light touches, something comes together in Gabriel for the first time.

Gabriel's mouth curves into a playful smirk and he gives Lucifer a mischievous look that Lucifer has never seen from him before, and then Gabriel is licking Lucifer's tip and licking his way down Lucifer's cock, and Lucifer has never felt *this* before.

He shudders, groaning, and presses back against the wall as Gabriel keeps licking, before giving Lucifer's tip a swirl with his tongue, and there's a pause as Gabriel considers something, and then Lucifer's world goes white as Gabriel takes his cock into his mouth, sucking on it.

He comes with a shout of his own, he's as bright as the sun for a brief moment, and then he is collapsed against the wall, ruined at the new sensations. He shudders in quick jerks as Gabriel lifts his mouth and licks his lips, and Lucifer cannot help but moan quietly as he sees that.

Gabriel leans in and kisses him, hard and curious and Lucifer kisses back, raising his arms to hug Gabriel.

For a moment they hold each other, share kisses and quiet glances, but then Gabriel's gaze strays to the ceiling and he flinches as he remembers everything that happens beyond this room. He stumbles from Lucifer's arms and up, and Lucifer twists his hand as they are cleaned.

"I'll - I'll miss this, Lucifer," Gabriel says quietly. "I'll miss you."

Lucifer nods, standing slowly. He bends to collect his blade from the floor and then he is standing straight and proud again. "I will miss you as well, Gabriel."

Gabriel averts his eyes and leaves, hand on the hilt of his blade and mind racing with thoughts of Lucifer and war and exactly why he felt brave and good enough to try something new.

For he had felt good, and there had been something new there, something he'd never felt before.

It takes a moment before he has words for it, the same words that Lucifer had figured out minutes before: mischievous. Playful.

Gabriel restrains an urge to break into hysterical laughter, for that emotion, those emotions had felt like everything he had been looking for, and he hadn't even known he was looking for them.

He felt alive, and it hurt to feel that. Lucifer had drawn it out of him, and Lucifer...it hurt to think about Lucifer.

Gabriel kept walking away from Lucifer's training room, face kept carefully blank and grip tight on his sword's hilt.

Lucifer came to Michael the night before their battle began. He stood several feet from Michael and pleaded that Michael stand with him, that Michael open his eyes and see that God was cruel in his designs, and that Lucifer could perhaps survive those designs with Michael's help.

Michael stares at Lucifer, eyes bright with anger, and crosses over to stand close to him. He is tense, ready to move away, ready to defend himself if it comes to that.

"You corrupt all of us, Lucifer. You lie, you - Raphael told me everything." Michael is glaring, and he raises his hand to touch Lucifer's lips. "This is wrong. This corrupts how we touch each other into something wrong."

"You haven't felt it, Michael. Don't condemn it until you've experienced such a wonder." Lucifer raises his hand to touch the back of Michael's hand, before Michael pulls back, reacting as if he had been burned.

"Never!" Michael snarls, moving back. "I will *never* let myself become so corrupt!"

"You wouldn't be corrupted by this, Michael. Has Raphael been tainted? Has Gabriel? I see no taint spreading from my hands, not from this." Lucifer spreads his hands, palms up, showing that he won't attack, that he's harmless.

"I don't believe you," Michael says, hands clenching into fists. "You know that Gabriel's changed, and Raphael - " Michael cuts himself off, unwilling to think of how Raphael looked when he practiced with his sword.

"He's angry, like you." Lucifer finishes smoothly. "I don't believe that either one of you wants to fight me. Not over this."

"Liar," Michael spits, turning away, but Lucifer shakes his head.

"I won't lie to you ever again, Michael. I promise you that, and if you choose to believe that I'm still lying, then that is your choice." Lucifer smiles, almost bitter as he speaks, as he knows that the ability to make choices was at the root of the conflict. Not lying, not the pleasures of the flesh, but the ability to choose to lie, to choose to indulge, to choose to turn away from God.

"I don't believe you," Michael says, and Lucifer knows from how Michael's voice breaks that he wants to believe him, that Michael wants to trust him again.

Lucifer slips closer, rests a hand on Michael's shoulder, feels how Michael tenses.

"Go," Michael says, trembling, and Lucifer ignores him to hug him from behind. "Go, please."

Lucifer holds on, eyes closed, not doing anything more than holding Michael close. He knows that this won't last, this can't last, but for here and now...

Michael makes a soft sound that's suspiciously close to a sob, and doesn't push Lucifer away. Instead he lowers his head and lets Lucifer hold on, lets him be close. They don't speak.

They stand like that until the night ends, and Lucifer leaves just before the dawn.

In the morning light Heaven is transformed, and Lucifer wants to laugh as he sees rooms and buildings and fountains and all of the hallmarks of Heaven crumble as if they were sand, and in the midst of the pale desert, with the harsh light of the sun upon them, they wage war.

There is no formal lining up of armies, no great call to battle, just the first cry of one angel slaying their kin echoing as the first flash of power dying flares up.

Then Mammon and Phenex are driving their swords into Hasmed, and Uriel is wielding twin blades of fire in curving arcs, destroying two of his enemy in one stroke, and Lucifer is discovering for himself that he can kill angels.

There is no blood, not from the angels as they die or are wounded, only bright flares of light as they die, and ashes.

The first angel Lucifer kills in the air has six wings and he roars as he dies, struggling as he burns out to destroy Lucifer, but instead Lucifer sees his wings turn to ash and crumble once the angel has entirely burnt out.

It's fitting, he thinks, and he wonders what Michael's wings would look like as ash, if all of them were made manifest at once.

Lucifer himself has all of his wings manifested, to improve his speed and agility in the air. Even with hundreds upon hundreds of wings layered on his back, and the size of them all he is no more of a target than he would be with only one set manifested, and so he flies up, higher than the battle, to be above it all. Michael is climbing as well, and Lucifer notes how his wings are as white as Michael's, that he still appears as pure as Michael is.

He waits, waits for the minutes to pass before he can fight Michael, and looks at the other archangels. There is Gabriel, sword bright and tall with flames cutting a path through Lucifer's forces, and there is Raphael -

He has never seen Raphael quite like *that* before. The healer is moving quickly, ripping angels apart as he carves apart Lucifer's forces, and he is bright with a different kind of fire, a crackling electricity that leaves angels clutching at their

chests as they are run through.

It is not that which causes Lucifer to be surprised, however. It is the fierce joy that he sees on Raphael's face, and the terrifying lust for battle. He has never seen such an expression before, and to see it on Raphael, the youngest of his first kin -

Compared to Gabriel, who seems almost reluctant to fight, and compared to Michael's rage, Raphael is bloodthirsty, a berserker in battle, and Lucifer wonders if he would cut down his own soldiers if he ran out of enemies.

But before he can ponder that for too long, Michael has reached him, and Michael has his sword bared and Lucifer curls all of his wings and drops down like a stone to avoid the blow. Then he is rising up again, sword out and he has been trying something new, something different with his own fiery sword.

Michael swings to cut Lucifer and Lucifer blocks the blow, and the terrible ringing sound their blades create as they meet deafens the roar of the battle before, and for a moment, a single moment the battle before halts to look up.

Lucifer can't prevent himself from breaking into a grin as he pulls back and swings his sword forward again, drawing out another pained scream from their blades as Michael blocks the blow. His blade is burning, true, but its flames are cold, as cold as he could make them, and Michael's blade screams a protest every time it comes in contact with that freezing chill.

Lucifer wants to see Michael react to the cold directly. He pushes forward, pushes Michael's blade back far enough to nick Michael's shoulder with his sword, and he's close enough to see the surprise in Michael's face before the wound is healed and Michael is shoving him back again.

They separate, and circle each other, and Lucifer doesn't need to look to know that the battle is being resumed.

He flies up, for a moment, then angles into a dive on Michael, forcing Michael to catch his blade with his own and he reaches out with his hand to create a shard of ice that he attempts to drive into Michael's neck.

Michael frees a hand and melts the ice, catching Lucifer's wrist, and like that Lucifer forces them down, down to the ground, and they land in a tangled heap on the ground. Angels have fled the vicinity, created a hole in the battlefield for the two archangels.

Lucifer knows, distantly, that Gabriel and Raphael are coming in their direction, and he knows that he doesn't have time to waste. He brings his sword up, and down in a smooth motion and it is only how Michael jerks his head to the side that keeps the blow from becoming fatal.

Lucifer raises his sword again, and almost brings it down again when he sees Michael's eyes. There's nothing in them that's new, nothing that surprises Lucifer, but he stutters to a halt when he sees the anger, the grief, the *daring* in Michael's

eyes that say 'yes, finish it.'

Lucifer can't bring himself to finish it, not with Michael looking at him like that, and he sees Michael realize this.

But before he can harden his heart and complete the blow, Raphael is barrelling into him, driving him away from Michael, and the moment of understanding and hesitation is lost. Lucifer scrambles to his feet, hurries into the air and fends off Raphael's blows as Raphael roars his fury at him.

Lucifer sees Gabriel helping Michael to his feet, and then Gabriel is turning, returning to the rest of the battle, and Michael is ascending to finish it, and when Raphael breaks off his attack and falls back, Lucifer knows that the fight is nearing its conclusion.

He had his chance, and he couldn't kill Michael, and so he has lost.

Gabriel hadn't known that there was a place below Heaven, let alone a place of eternal torment reserved for those who debased themselves and earned God's wrath.

None of the angels had known, not until Michael had bound Lucifer and forced him to ground again, sword held at Lucifer's throat as Michael announced what God had commanded him to do.

Lucifer and his followers were to be cast out of Heaven, and great chains were to be forged to carry Lucifer to Hell, where Heaven's wardens were to create a great cage that could contain the Fallen angel.

The war was over, Michael said, and those who had lost were to flee Heaven immediately, or be slain where they stood.

Gabriel carried the message to the corners of the battlefield that had not heard the news, and he carried the orders to those in Heaven who could make such things. He hid away the portion of his thoughts that felt pain at seeing Lucifer fail, and he did not wonder at that moment where Lucifer could have won, and most of all he did not grieve over Lucifer's utterly betrayed expression when he realized that he was to live in defeat.

Raphael did not throw down his sword at the end of the battle as he should have done, but instead sheathed it before he went among his injured kin and laid hands upon them, sealing wounds and mending bones and drawing broken forms back into order.

There was Uriel, limbs torn from him before Raphael laid hands upon him and he was made anew, and there was Anael, wings crumpled and twisted, forcing him

to crouch upon the ground and cry out in pain before Raphael restored them.

He did not enjoy his work as he thought he should have. He did not like the injuries, or the broken expressions of angels who had seen family die, and most of all he did not like being expected to let others kill the Fallen (as that was what the losers in this war would be called) if they did not flee before him.

"Ahadiel, there are two Fallen back there. Savaliel is having some difficulty in putting them down," Raphael says as he removes his fingers from the deep cut in Ahadiel's legs. "Once they are dead, return to me either of you needs healing again."

Ahadiel bows his head and goes, four arms curled close to his chest in a clear sign of reluctance. Raphael notes this, aware that many angels, having experienced combat, are not eager to engage in it again, but he is not lenient towards them. He sent Savaliel along to finish the two Fallen who had rooted themselves to the ground and refused to be moved, and even at Savaliel's hesitation and almost outright disobedience he had insisted that he be obeyed.

If there is any good that Lucifer has done for him, Raphael thinks, it is that no angel may question him and his orders now. He can see that many, many angels that he has treated and met as he worked have wanted to question him, have wanted to demand answers for the hesitation that some saw in Lucifer, and for the sword at Raphael's side despite his role as healer and most of all, at why Lucifer would be confined and not killed.

Raphael has no answers for them.

He leaves the area, which is beginning to restore itself to become an open-air court again, with cool tile beneath his feet instead of barren rock, and he finds his next patient.

It is Tzurel, an angel without even the semblance of a form similar to Raphael's, and it takes Raphael a moment to figure out where the wings join to the angel's form and a moment more to find the injury.

There is a soft thank you uttered by the angel when Raphael is done, and then it is gone, back to its duties of guarding the Southern gates. Raphael cannot help but smile slightly at its simplicity, reflected in the simplicity of its duty, and he pauses for a while to watch his surroundings return to their pristine beauty.

A room grows around him, white stone walls growing out of barren dusty stone, and a smooth marble floor rolls out from the walls, settling under Raphael's feet, and the dust vanishes as if it were never there.

Gabriel lands before him before the ceiling seals over them, and windows open in the walls and ceilings as Gabriel meets Raphael's eyes.

"Hello, brother," Raphael greets. He is not pleased to see Gabriel, but he remembers a time when he would have been eager to share his thoughts with his brother. All he can think of now, however, is that Gabriel didn't want to destroy Lucifer, didn't want to kill him for what he did.

Gabriel returns his greeting, face unreadable but Raphael knows him, knows him too well for such a mask.

"You grieve for him," Raphael says, and he is forced to turn his head away. Lucifer has forced them apart, and he can no longer trust Gabriel, and the realization hurts.

Gabriel tries a pained smile and shrugs. "He is our brother," is his only response, and Raphael restrains a sudden urge to yell at Gabriel, for he once warned him to stay away from Lucifer.

"He is no longer family, Gabriel, and you would do well to remember that." Raphael knows that he sounds arrogant, but he is speaking the truth and Gabriel has been following in Lucifer's footsteps too closely for Raphael to feel comfortable.

"I came to tell you that we've cleared all of Heaven. The only thing left to do is move Lucifer." Gabriel ignores Raphael's words deliberately and delivers his message. "Michael's at the waterfall, if you want to see him."

Raphael has nothing to say to Gabriel, and then Gabriel is walking out of the newly-formed doors, and flying away.

(Raphael shakes off the sudden sense of foreboding, the fear that something more is going to go wrong in the coming future.)

Saraqael and others equalling his skill in the forging of metals completed the chains swiftly, and the day that Lucifer was dragged from Heaven was a quiet one.

Lucifer's eyes remained closed, and he spoke to no one, had spoken to no one, and his final departure from Heaven was a quiet, peaceful affair. Gabriel and Raphael stood by and watched as Michael and his guards carried Lucifer out, with the small group of angels who would forge the cage following.

The weather was pacific and all was quiet once they were gone.

Without a word spoken between them, Gabriel turned away and took to the skies as Raphael walked back to his duties.